THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXXV.

Est animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua fidesque
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desunt;
Plebs eris.

HOR. EPIS. LIB. I.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

THAT wealth should hold a pre-eminent rank in the political world, preponderate in the senate, and exact deference in the council, is a maxim of civil jurisprudence, which reason inculcates, and experience has warranted to be productive of the most beneficial consequences to society. But, to descend from the lofty speculation, to the humble complaint, it is more, perhaps, a subject for regret, than felicitation, that the same principle obtains in the common walks of life, in the convivial meeting, and the polished circle, that opulence should be buoyed up by unqualified deference, and courted by obsequious admiration, to the exclusion and neglect of merit, however great, or talents however considerable. Your European predecessors, in their wide range of animadversion, have not failed to issue their mandate against the prevalence of an abuse, which they stigmatise as calculated 'to enhance the overweening superciliousness of stupid affluence, and damp the progress and energy of genius.' Although I much doubt whether their efforts produced the desired effect, I shall still venture to call upon the Lounger for the same corrective; and the perusal of the following narrative cannot but convince him that the call is not unfounded, or his intervention altogether superfluous.

I am the son of a country gentleman of small fortune, who, from the paucity of his own literary attainments, and his profound veneration for the names of Newton and Locke, had formed a most exalted idea of scientific knowledge, and, therefore, resolved to strain every nerve to procure his children what he supposed would amply counterbalance the want of other advantages. To his great joy, a foreign ecclesiastic, of extensive erudition, who was flying from the irreligious fanaticism of his country, selected our village as an asylum, and expressed a desire to incorporate himself with a private family, for the purpose of superintending the education of youth. He was sought after with avidity, and welcomed with rapture, by my father, and I was accordingly committed to his guidance. In the lapse of some years, with the aid of his instructions, I became conversant with the most useful of the modern languages, had accumulated an abundant store of classical information, and invigorated my understanding by an assiduous application to mathematics and philosophy. I read Homer and Lucretius with facility and pleasure, had fathomed the depths of Pufendorff and Thomasius, and could pursue the mazes of metaphysics with Mallebranche and Reid. My father viewed the progress I made, with the most rapturous emotions of delight, and, overflowing with joy at the proximate aggrandizement of his family, resolved to send me to one of our large cities, where such multifarious acquisitions as mine could not fail to attract admiration and esteem, surmount the malevolence of invidious competition, and totally eclipse the adventitious lustre of wealth. My own imagination was also fertile in illusory honours; I already felt elated with the homage of the illiterate, and the respect of the learned; exulted in the ingenuity of my criticisms on men and manners, and triumphed in the anticipated superiority of Aristotelian logic.

I was at length placed in the vehicle which was to convey me to the theatre of glory, accompanied by the blessings of my parent, and fortified by the energetic inculcation of my instructor, to observe moderation in prosperity, and shun the intoxication of success. On viewing my companions, I distinguished two of a genteel appearance, and immediately attempted to engage them in conversation. Although I descanted eloquently on the charms of the scenery through which we passed, on the natural history of the horse, and such topics as the occasion suggested, they replied only by monosyllables, and, finally, after surveying me with a contemptuous sneer, paid no further attention. So glaring an affront excited at first some degree of mortification, until, by their glances, I was led to recollect, that my habiliments were 'the homely habiliments of the vulgar,' that my waistcoat was long, and my pantaloons short. My primary emotions were, on this elucidation, soon superceded by a sentiment of reciprocal contempt, although I could not but indignantly murmur at the gross fatuity which can induce men to estimate merit by the length of the waistcoat, or the height of the cape. I also observed, in stopping at the inns on the road, that my affability and civil address were not answered by the same obsequious smile on the part of mine host, or promptitude from the servants, as the imperious call and authoritative tone of my modish companions. These would, perhaps, have been regarded as unpropitious omens, and might have allayed the fervor of my expectations, had I not solaced myself with the reflection, that they were the errors of the vulgar, and that the dignified members of the community, whose society, and whose favour, constituted the grand object of my ambition, formed more correct judgments, and were endowed with a more discriminating taste.

On my arrival at our place of destination, the impression of the untoward occurrences of the journey was soon effaced by the cheering cordiality and benignant reception of the gentleman to whom I was recommended. I again amused my fancy with a thousand schemes of ideal importance; and occultly rejoiced at the attainment of a situation, where the exterior was not the criterion of merit, where science would be duly appreciated, and genius exalted to its proper grade of elevation. A number of the most distinguished characters of the city were, the subsequent day, invited to dinner by my patron, and I waited, with the throbbings of an anxious heart, the moment which was to usher me into notice. At the appointed hour, their host introduced me as his particular friend, and as a person of great information and promising talents; a recommendation which was received with a warmth and urbanity equal to my most sanguine hope. While secretly congratulating myself on this auspicious commencement, an unfortunate inquiry was made, who I was; to which my patron, in answer, declared me to be the son of a poor country 'squire, to whom he had extended his bounty and protection. This annunciation seemed to operate instantaneously on the whole circle, and, to my very sensible mortification and surprise, I began to anticipate no better fate than I had encountered in the stage-coach. During our repast, a point of natural law was casually advanced by one of the guests, and, although supported by the most false and preposterous reasoning, ostensibly commanded implicit acquiescence on the part of his auditors. As this was a subject to the discussion of which my researches had rendered me fully adequate, I presumed to controvert his positions, and was triumphing in the irresistible authorities of Grotius and Titius, Barbeyrac and Burlamaqui, when, on turning my head to note their effect, I found the company employed in corroborating, with their assent, the doctrines of 'an opulent orator at the other end of the table. It was not difficult to understand, that the opinions of those great luminaries lost all their cogency, when advanced by indigence, that the paradoxes of Hobbes were transmuted into oracles, if flowing from the mouth of opulence, and that had Ptolemy or Ticho Brahe then met with the same advocate, the demonstrations of Copernicus and Newton would have been equally unoperative. I retired at last, humbled and irritated, secretly exclaiming with the poet, in the bitterness of disappointment,

O perversas hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!

Since that period, my avocations have led me to mingle more with the various classes of society, and I have discovered the same spirit to be predominant in all. Wealth, however stupid or vicious may be the possessor, is welcomed, almost universally, with the deference of assent, and the tribute of condescension, while the fire of genius evaporates in neglect, and talent languishes in obscurity. Even among the fair sex the same contagion appears to reign, and it is not unusual to find women, who regularly make this their first interrogation, relative to a new male acquaintance, '*is he rich?*' and, by this standard, square their attentions. Their hearts can glow with all the ecstacy of rapture at the profligate homage, and their countenances lighten with a smile of complacency on the follies of the affluent, while the assiduity of indigent merit is rejected with scorn, and the sallies of wit repulsed

with frigid indifference. To the persevering, and to the ambitious, I would instil, as the road to honour, and the precursor of exaltation, not the practice of virtue, the cultivation of the mind, or the amelioration of the heart, but a pertinacious adherence to this maxim, well known in antiquity:

——Qærenda pecunia primum est;
Virtus post nummos.

I myself am now sedulously occupied in the accumulation of treasures, animated by the hope that they may one day enable me to reduce to practice the precept of my venerable preceptor, of observing 'moderation in prosperity, and shunning the intoxication of success.'

Your's, &c.

CLASSICUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WILKIE, D. D.

[Continued.]

Accordingly, on the 17th of May, 1753, Wilkie was ordained, by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, assistant and successor to the minister of Ratho. In this situation he continued three years and a half, living all that time on his little farm, about four miles distant, and faithfully performing the duties of his office in the parish. On the death of Mr. Guthrie, Feb. 28, 1756, he came into possession of the whole living, and settled, with his sisters, in the manse of Ratho.

Agriculture had been a peculiar object of his attention from his youth; and he now gave full scope to his genius for improvement, though on a small scale. His glebe, which he found in great disorder, he immediately enclosed in a judicious manner, and cultivated it with such ability, that it continued to produce the most abundant crops.

A piece of marshy ground belonging to the glebe, in the name of pasture-ground, of near five acres, which, from time immemorial, had been of so little value that the highest rent given for it was half-a-guinea yearly, he enclosed with a deep ditch and hedge, and intersected it with such a variety of drains, most judiciously disposed, that it became matter of astonishment to the country in general, and of ridicule to many; but the event justified his ability, for it produced a series of most beneficial crops, and still continues valuable.

He also projected a society for the improvement of agriculture and rural economy, called the Husbandry Club, which met at Ratho, and consisted of a great number of the gentlemen and principal farmers in the neighbourhood. The excellent regulations, established for the government of the club, and the great variety of interesting and judicious questions, proposed as subjects of their deliberation and discussion, in all which he had a principal share, will long continue to do honour to his memory.

This society, of which Wilkie may be considered as the founder, was conducted, for many years, with great spirit and success. Its records, according to the information of Mr. Robertson, contain dissertations on many practical subjects in agriculture, of much merit. The name of the celebrated Dr. Cullen appears in the list of the members.

While he resided at Ratho, he had much intercourse with the Lauderdale family, and was, at all times, a welcome visitant at Hatton. His noble patron was fond of his conversation, and often engaged him in disputation; and, perhaps, he never met with an antagonist who afforded him greater scope for the exertion of all his powers. Through life, he retained the strongest attachment to the Earl of Lauderdale, and valued him more for his good understanding, his great knowledge of men and manners, and his uncommon humanity, than for his high rank. His sentiments, with respect to the Earl, were well known to all his acquaintances; for there was nothing more common than his retailing his Lordship's maxims and opinions in every company and conversation.

In 1757, he published, at Edinburgh, The Epigoniad, a poem, in nine books, 12mo. the result of fourteen years study and application, and claimed the honours of an epic poet. His claim, however, to this distinction, was not generally allowed. His work was applauded by a few men of taste and learning, but was coldly received by the public, and censured, with great severity, by the writers of periodical criticism, on account of a few mistakes in expression and prosody, excusable in a Scottish poet, who had never been out of his own country. The title, it must be confessed, was somewhat unfortunately chosen; for as the story of the Epigoni was known only to a very few of the learned, the public were not able to conjecture what could be the subject of the poem, and were apt to neglect what it was impossible to understand. The Preface contained some judicious and spirited remarks on the beauties and defects of epic poetry, but afforded little information concerning the subject of the poem. There was no general plan prefixed to the whole, nor argument, as might be expected, at the head of each book. It was inscribed, in the manner of Camoens and Tasso, to Archibald Duke of Argyll, a nobleman, who, by patronising the arts and sciences, rivalled the glory of his elder brother, Duke John, whose political and military talents made him to be deservedly esteemed one of the first statesmen and heroes of his time:

Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.

POPE.

In 1759, he published a second edition of 'The Epigoniad, &c. by William Wilkie, V. D. M. Carefully corrected and improved. To which is added, a Dream, in the manner of Spenser,' 12mo. In this edition, all or most of the Scoticisms, and other trivial mistakes in the first edition, were corrected. A passage also in the preface, containing a rash censure of 'the quaintness of Mr. Pope's expression, in his translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, as not at all suitable either to the antiquity or majestic gravity of his author,' was very properly omitted. Mr. Hume gives the following account of its reception in London, in a letter to Dr. Smith, dated April 12, 1759: 'The Epigoniad, I hope, will do, but it is somewhat up-hill work. You will see, in the Critical Review, a letter upon that poem, and I desire you to employ your conjectures in finding out the author.' The letter in the Critical Review, was written by Mr. Hume, to recommend the Epigoniad to the public, as 'one of the ornaments of our language.' The success was not answerable to his expectations. Too antique to please the unlettered reader, and too modern for the scholar, it was neglected by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all.

Soon after his coming to Ratho, he was seized with an unformed ague, from which he was never perfectly relieved during the rest of his life. For this complaint, he thought an extraordinary perspiration was necessary. He slept with an immoderate quantity of bed-clothes, and sweated so much, that it was thought to have had an effect in relaxing his constitution. The blankets under which he slept became a wonder to the country; stories are told of twenty-four pair of blankets being above him: and this may have been the case when he was not in his own bed; but, in general, his covering was much lighter.

The supposed unhealthiness of the manse of Ratho gave him the first inclination to change his situation, and the professorship of Natural Philosophy, in the University of St. Andrew's, becoming vacant in May 1759, by the death of Mr. David Young, he became a candidate for that office. Several candidates appeared, and Wilkie was not then acquainted with one member in the University. As it happened to be the time of the meeting of the General Assembly, he was introduced to such of them as were then at Edinburgh, and found avenues of application to them all; but Dr. Watson was the only member who discerned his merit, and effectually promoted his interest; for, when the day of election came (July 1759,) the other professors had attached themselves, in equal numbers, to two other candidates; and when neither party could, by any influence, alter Dr. Watson, one of the parties joined him, and gave the election in favour of Wilkie.

When he left Ratho, he was worth about 200l. from the sale of the stock upon his farm, and savings from his stipend. With this money he purchased some acres of land in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's. He enclosed and cultivated his little fields with such judgment and success, as excited the astonishment, commanded the imitation, and promoted the improvement of the country round him, and contributed, in a high degree, to his own emolument. He gradually extended his purchases, his improvements, and his profits, and is supposed to have acquired a property, in land, worth 3000l. and has, in his so rapid accumulation, left an equally eminent example of ability and economy.

As a teacher of natural philosophy, his usual merit did not forsake him. Natural philosophy, he said himself, was his *forte*. Though, by an universal genius, he shone in this department of science, yet his friends generally imagined that languages, logic, metaphysics, or moral philosophy, would have been more suitable to his taste and inclinations.

In 1768, he published his Fables, 8vo. They are sixteen in number, and a frontispiece, designed by Wale, is prefixed to each fable. Previous to the publication of his Fables, the University of St. Andrew's conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

From this time nothing of importance occurred in the life of Wilkie. He is said to have broken off connection with Mr. Hume and Dr. Robertson, sometime before his death.

After a lingering indisposition, he died at St. Andrew's, October 10th, 1772, in the 51st year of his age. His two sisters, to whom he left his property, are still living at St. Andrew's. He left his manuscripts to the care of Mr. Liston, who has not published any of his literary remains.

No edition of his Epigoniad or Fables has been called for since his death. They are now, reprinted from the edition of 1759 and 1768, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

In 1768, when the present writer was at Lanark school, his admiration of Wilkie induced him to transcribe from a manuscript in the Earl of Hyndford's library, at Carmichael-house, a poem intitled, 'Whitton, a descriptive poem, with notes, inscribed to the Duke of Argyll, by W. W.' supposed to mean *William Wilkie*; but he has not ventured to give it to Wilkie upon supposition.

Of his character, private habits, domestic manners, and opinions, curiosity will require more ample information than is to be found in the following notices, which the diligence of professor Dalzel has collected, and the zeal and veneration of Mr. Robertson, Mr. Liston, Dr. Thomson, and Dr. Robertson, have supplied.

'He was always,' says a paper, communicated by an ingenious but not literary friend of Wilkie, to Professor Dalzel, 'fond of being in the company

of old men and old women from the eighth year of his age; and they always liked him, as he delighted in their conversation; and he *raft* out something new, whatever was the subject. He had read the ancient philosophers and poets very early. Hesiod was a favourite poet of his, and he very often quoted him to persons who knew nothing about him. His conversation was most original and ingenious. It had a mixture of knowledge, acuteness, and singularity, which rendered it peculiarly delightful; and every person, who spent an hour with him, carried away something which he was glad to repeat. He had a firm faith in the truth of the Christian religion. He employed a considerable portion of his time in reading the Scriptures, and he kept up the worship of God regularly in his family. While he was a parish minister, he was acceptable to his people; and, in every situation of his life, he was kind to persons in distress, and very liberal in his private charity. His temper was hasty, but void of malice or sourness; and he was always cheerful. He was fond of agriculture, and remarkable for his knowledge of the different branches of it. The people in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's acknowledge to this day, that they have derived many useful lessons from Dr. Wilkie's management of his farm.'

'In his public capacity as a preacher,' says Mr. Robertson, 'he was rather original and ingenious, than eloquent; and, though he never pursued the ordinary acts of popularity, never failed to fix the attention of his audience. The peculiarity, variety, and even eccentricity of his sentiments or reasoning, invariably procured him approbation. In his public character, he observed a thousand oddities and inattentions. He generally preached with his hat on his head and often forgot to pronounce the blessing after public service. Once I saw him dispense the sacrament without consecrating the elements. On being told, he made a public apology, consecrated, and served the second table; after which he went to the pulpit to superintend the service, forgetting to communicate himself, till informed of the omission by his elders. In his dress he was uncommonly negligent and slovenly, and, in his whole manner of life, totally inattentive to all those little formalites on which the generality of mankind are apt to value themselves. He was immoderately addicted to the use of tobacco, particularly chewing, in which he went to such an extreme excess, that it was thought, by all his acquaintance, highly prejudicial to his health, and perhaps a cause of his premature death. He was fond of medical aid, but always disputed, and often rejected the prescriptions of doctors: hence was thought whimsical, both in his compliments, and in his management of them. He slept with an immoderate quantity of bed-clothes. One day he visited a farmer in the neighbourhood, a relation of his own; when prevailed on to stay all night, he begged he might have plenty of bed-clothes. His female friends in the family collected and put on his bed twenty-four pair of blankets. When asked, next morning, if he had plenty of bed-clothes, he answered, he had just enough, and had slept well. He abhorred nothing so much as clean sheets, and whenever he met with such, he wrapt them up, threw them aside, and slept in the blankets. One evening, at Hatton, being asked by Lady Lauderdale to stay all night, he expressed an attachment to his own bed, but said if her ladyship would give him a pair of foul sheets, he would stay.'

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PITT, THE FIRST EARL OF CHATHAM.

It was preparatory to one of the secret expeditions during the war of 1755, that the minister had given orders to the different presiding officers in the navy, military, and ordnance departments, to prepare a large body of forces, a certain number of ships, and a proportionable quantity of ordnance, stores, &c. and to have them all in readiness by a given day. To these orders he received an express from each of the officers, declaring the total impossibility of a compliance. Notwithstanding it was at a very late hour, he sent immediately for his secretary, and, after speaking in terms of the highest indignation at the treatment he met with from the ignorance or negligence of his majesty's servants, he gave him the following commands: 'I desire, Mr. Wood, that you will immediately go to Lord Anson: you need not look for him at the admiralty; he is not to be found there: you must pursue him to the gaming-house, and tell him from me, that if he does not obey the orders of government, which he has received at my hands, I will assuredly impeach him. Proceed from him to Lord Ligonier, and, though he may be bolstered with harlots, undraw his curtains, and repeat the same message. Then take your course to Sir Charles Frederick, and assure him, that, if his majesty's orders are not obeyed, these shall be the last he will receive from me.' In consequence of this command, Mr. Wood proceeded to White's, and told his errand to the first lord of the admiralty, who insisted that the secretary of state was out of his senses, and that it was impossible to comply with his wishes. 'However, he added, as madmen must be answered, tell him I will do my utmost to satisfy him.' From thence he went to the commander in chief of the forces, and delivered the same message. He also said it was an impracticable business; 'and the secretary knows it, added the old lord, nevertheless he is in the right to make us do what we can: and what it is possible to do, inform him, shall be done.' The surveyor-general of the ordnance was next informed of Mr. Pitt's resolution, and, after some little consideration, he began to think the orders might be executed within the time limited. In short, the army, navy, ordnance, military stores, &c. *in spite of impossibilities*, were all ready on the day appointed.

This was a man formed by nature to superintend the affairs of a great nation. Had the same proud, commanding spirit always animated his son, he would soon have awed a corrupt opposition into silence, and obtained from the vanquished enemies of his country a much more safe and honourable peace than that of Amiens. Instead of lessening the security of his country, by restoring conquests without an equivalent, he would have demanded still greater pledges from a faithless enemy, before he subscribed to a peace.

A CURIOUS LOVE EPISTLE.

MADAM,

When I see you, upon your gravity and looks, I conclude you to be a suitable wife for me. My first, when I saw her, told me that she intended to marry; being weary of boarding, she would have an house and table of her own. If you should be sick, none so tender over you as an husband. My last wife had seven hundred pounds ready cash She brought me a silver tankard cost three pounds more, and twelve silver spoons, and as many suits of grave silks as cost above forty pounds, laced with gold and silver up to the pocket holes; the best of which I save for you.

My father gave me about twelve hundred pounds besides my education. I have been a good husband and settled my family. My eldest son has a living of about one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, a minister; my second son has two places and teaches school. They have been above two years from me for themselves. My third son is married; he is a confectioner and grocer, selling tea, chocolate and coffee, which he roasts. He had three hundred pounds with his wife, and now eighty pounds a year is also fallen to her by her brother's death. I have two daughters at home with me at present; the youngest as tall as yourself; they have their portions set out. My eldest son is to pay them out of my perpetual advowson, which is settled on him after my death. My eldest daughter has twice lived with her brother the confectioner, and intends to go again as soon as I marry. Then I have but one daughter, who will wait upon us, and my maid you shall chuse. My brewing an old man servant does, and I hire a washer woman. A baker and a butcher we have in the town, both rich and near us, so that you and I may enjoy ourselves with all the exquisite pleasures of matrimony so long as God shall lend us life and health.

I keep a calash to take the air, and drive to Baldock; and I can walk three miles a day in the middle of winter; and we have a wood within a furlong, full, in May, with lilies of the valley, and variety of herbs. I understand physic. My first wife died in child-bed; my last wife would not take any thing to stop her looseness, though I have cured divers of it. The fever seized her vitals; she was not sick above three days. I had four eminent doctors; but she would take nothing they presented: said she was burnt up, scorched within, and their cordials were too hot for her.

Oh! madam, fear nothing. A house I have well furnished, and no one to molest me.

I have lived above thirty years in Aspley, and have above one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. I have only one grandchild. I hope, madam, you received a letter I left with Mr. Simons, at the George. He was an exciseman, and can inform you there are thirty-one fir trees, all given to entertain you with, a fine garden, and new built house. I beg an answer. Please, madam, to direct to me, "Rector, Aspley, near Woburn."

EDWARD HILL.

November 19, 1713.

[The following love-inspired aspirations are from the glowing pen of S. Gessner, a German writer, and author of 'The Death of Abel.' By the ardent lover, they will be read with correspondent emotions.]

'May thy slumbers be tranquil, O my beloved, and refreshing as the morning breeze. Rest gently on thy couch, as the drops of dew repose upon the leaves of the lily, when no breath of wind agitates the flowers. How soft must be the slumbers of innocence!

'Descend from heaven, sweet dreams! you that attend the lovely train of sports and mirth, descend on Cynthia's rays, and hover over my shepherdess. Present to her mind nought but laughing plains, pastures ever verdant, and flocks more white than is their milk.

'Let her think she hears a concert of the sweetest flutes resounding in the solitary valley as if it were Apollo's self that played. May she seem to bathe in some pure crystal stream, beneath the shades of jessamine and myrtle, beheld by none except the birds that fly from tree to tree, and sing for her alone! Let her seem to sport among the graces, let them call her their companion and their sister: and may they together wander in the most delightful fields, gathering of flowers; the garlands made by Phillis being worn by the graces: those made by them be worn by her.

'Lovely dreams conduct her to the groves where flowers are with the verdure mixed! There let the little loves pursue and play around her, as bees about the new-blown rose. Let one of

the lovely group settle at her feet, loaded with a fragrant apple: while another presents her with vermillion and transparent grapes, and others agitate the flowers with their wings, to diffuse about her the most sweet perfumes.

'At the bottom of the grove let the Paphian god appear, but without his arrows or his quiver, lest he alarm her timid innocence. Let him be alone adorned with all the charms of his enchanting youth.

'Sweet dreams!—deign at last to present my image to her. Let her see me languishing at her feet; incline my eyes, and say, in faltering accents,—that for love of her I die: Never, O never yet have I dar'd to tell it her. Ah! at that dream may a sigh distend her bosom.—May she then blush and smile upon me! Why am not I as beautiful as Apollo, when he guarded the flocks? Why are not my songs as melodious as those of the nightingale; and why have I not all excellencies to deserve her love?'

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THE FRENCH CATECHISM.

BETWEEN AN ENGLISH VOLUNTEER AND A FRENCH PRISONER.

Englishman. What is your name?

Frenchman. Slave.

E. Who gave you that name?

F. Buonaparte.

E. What did he promise you?

F. That he would make us rich; that he would make us free; and that he would make us happy.

E. Has he been as good as his word?

F. We are as rich as—beggars; as free as—galley slaves; and as happy as *want*, *war*, and *chains* can make us.

E. Who began his Government with turning his artillery on his own citizens at Paris?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who boasted in his public letter that he had shot the whole municipality?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who, when the Turks were in friendship and alliance with France, attacked Alexandria in profound peace (like a dastardly coward) with 25,000 men, against 500 poor Janizaries, and then boasted of his great victory?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who inhumanly slaughtered, for four hours together, the defenceless inhabitants of Alexandria, the old men and women, while they were praying to their Creator in their Mosques, and even the children at the breast, with their mothers, and then said there was no occasion for it, only to strike terror?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who boasted to the Egyptians of his having destroyed the Knights of Malta, and now makes war under the pretence of restoring that order?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who, after long reflection, ordered to be shot and bayoneted many hundreds of the inhabitants of Toulon?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who, when in cool blood, put to death 4000 Turkish prisoners?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who, like a coward, deserted his army the moment real danger stared him in the face?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who caused the brave Kleber to be assassinated, because he spoke truth?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who was it that, after the battle of Lodi, caused hundreds and hundreds of wounded and dying soldiers, French, Italians, and Germans, to be thrown promiscuously into the river, and a still far greater number to be buried alive in deep trenches, in order to save time, trouble, and hospital expenses?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who seduced the Polish Legion by fair promises, and then smuggled it off to St. Domingo, where every soul perished?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who squeezed to death in the fraternal hug the brave Swiss, our fellow protestants?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who entered Holland to give it *protection*, then changed its form of Government without its consent, then levied contributions in money, provisions, horses, cloathing, and all other necessaries for the army and navy, without end: then drove all the Dutch soldiers from the garrisons, and replaced them by Frenchmen—then forced the sailors to embark in French vessels—then compelled the ship-builders to build flat-bottomed boats and other small vessels, to be paid for in *promissory* notes, and then shot many of the ship-wrights, because they did not work quicker than it was possible for human hands to do?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who has ruined one half the Continent by his *hatred*, and the other half by his *friendship?*

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who wanted to *gag* the mouths of the British Parliament, and stop the Freedom of the Press?

F. Buonaparte.

E. How many religions has Buonaparte professed?

F. Three.

E. Which are they?

F. Papist, Atheist, and Turk.

E. Was he ever seriously attached to either?

F. Yes; always to that which best suited his purpose at the moment.

E. Who unites in himself the crimes of one Emperor that renounced Christianity to worship Heathen Idols; another that set fire to his capital, and then fiddled to the flames; and of a Barbarian King that was called the scourge of God?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who has pillaged more churches, sacked more towns, plundered more countries, murdered more men, women, and children, defaced more monuments of art, broken more vows, deceived more friends, betrayed more allies, and laid waste a larger portion of the globe, in three years, than all the Goths, Vandals, fire, famine, pestilences, hurricanes, volcanoes, and earthquakes, in the world, have done in as many ages?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who was conquered at Acre, the only battle in which he ever fairly fought the English?

F. Buonaparte.

E. Who will be conquered again if he ever dare set foot on British ground?

F.—(*Looking round as if fearful of being overheard, whispers*) Buonaparte.

E. But if he should come here, who would take care of our poor?

F. Buonaparte.

E. What! will he secure our Poor's Laws?

F. Poor's Laws! What's that? we never heard of them in France.

E. Why 'tis a Legal Act by which the State provides for the *distressed poor*, at the expense of nearly *three millions sterling* yearly.

F. The distressed poor will be provided for at much less expense by Buonaparte.

E. Indeed! is it possible? But how?

F. How! Oh, nothing so easy; he has only to give them one good belly-full of his *Acre Soup**; and it is so excellent, that I'll answer for its nourishing them for all the rest of their lives; and then you know he may put the *three millions* in his pocket.

* The unhappy wretches alluded to were poisoned at Caiffa, twelve miles from Acre. It was at Caiffa that the hospitals, magazines, &c. for carrying on the siege of Acre were established.

E. No, Citizen Slave! But now answer me this, as you hope for pardon, through God's mercy, for all your sins and iniquities:—If we Englishmen so repent of our sins as to forsake them; if we so humble our hearts, while we manfully use our arms; if we exert ourselves as much as if we had nothing better to trust to, and then cast ourselves on Divine Providence as entirely as if we had done nothing; if we obey the best laws, are true to the best King, and act up to the best Religion with which any Nation was ever blest—whom then shall we fear?

F. Not Buonaparte.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

LEWES, E. AUGUST 5.

This day the commission for the county of Sussex was opened before Lord Ellenborough and Mr. Justice Heath. It was one o'clock before the Judges arrived at the town Hall, where the Grand Jury being assembled, the chief Justice of England addressed them in the following eloquent, patriotic, and impressive speech:

'Gentlemen of the grand Jury,

'At a period like the present, so critical and important, when so long a proportion of your valuable time, attention, and labour, is so necescarily and so laudably occupied in arranging and preparing means of defence for your country, it cannot but occur as a matter of just commendation, that you appear here disposed and ready to sacrifice still more abundantly a portion of your convenience to the demands of public duty, by bearing also your very important and no less useful share in the administration of that public justice we are this day respectively called upon to administer. Your occasional attendance to these duties, and still more the exercise, by many of you, of the functions of local Magistracy, assisted by that information, antecedently derived from a liberal and expanded education, renders it in a degree unnecessary for me to dwell minutely on their importance, as such avocations must have instructed most of you, not only in the general principles, but in the particular provisions of that wholesome and salutary system of laws, by which this country has had the happiness of being governed; a system of laws, in the formation of which the people, it is our pride and boast, have a large individual share, as well as a more effective share in the administration of them, both in our civil and criminal courts, than belong to the members of any civil community, that has hitherto existed in the history of mankind. If, therefore, you inherit, as you assuredly do, that spirit, and those honourable feelings your forefathers did, for the rights and constitution handed down to them; the knowledge you must have received from such sources of information, cannot fail to have produced in your minds a corresponding veneration for the wisdom that framed and suggested such laws, and the characteristic good sense and firmness of your countrymen who have continued, matured, and given effect to them; and also to have produced in you (which is more essential at the present crisis) a constant, immovable, and fearless determination, under whatever difficulties and inconveniences, to maintain and perpetuate to succeeding generations the blessings thus derived to you from that system of wise and equal laws, under which you and your ancestors have so long and happily flourished. Beneath the protecting shades of those laws, and under the mild and beneficent character of a succession of excellent sovereigns, especially under that of his present majesty, and the princes of his illustrious house, this country has for a long series of years enjoyed a greater proportion of civil and political liberty,

and real happiness, than has fallen to the lot of any other community in the known world. A country great in arms, in arts and in commerce; in the discovery and perfection of every kind of human science, and in the improvement of every comfort and convenience that gladdens and adorns social life; and above all, attached to the pure reformed religion established amongst us, which exhibits generally the good effects of the christian dispensation, from the morality it inculcates, and which in comparison is infinitely more chaste and correct, and better calculated to promote happiness, than the religion of other nations that surround us. In this happy and enviable condition of human affairs, it has, however, pleased God, from the mysterious and inscrutable ends of his divine wisdom, to permit for a time a great part of the world to be visited and ravaged by a revolutionary storm, which arising in foreign lands, has at last swept away before it all the barriers of continental strength and security; has annihilated all former alliances and associations for the common protection of states and kingdoms, has extinguished every spirit of resistance in heretofore manly and martial nations, and stunned and affrighted Europe into a melancholy state of passive and desponding expectation and endurance of whatever thraldom and disgrace the malignant pest and scourge of the human race may have in store for them. In such a state of despondency and submission, you will feel with me, this gallant, high-minded, and powerful nation, cannot endure to stand: the blessings, which under God's providence it enjoys, are too many and too valuable; the resources it possesses, in wealth and in arms, and in an undaunted population, are too extensive and effective, not to afford at once both the motive and the means for the most energetic and successful resistance to those, whom no treaty can bind, no sincerity and liberality of conduct can conciliate, and whose mad lust of domination and conquest no sense of human suffering, or calamity, in their own country, or in others, can qualify or restrain. In this awful posture of affairs, I say, it is cast upon us by providence, as a duty we owe to ourselves and to the world, to become the means and the example, by which the world may be roused and rescued from the degraded state of terror and dismay into which it is at present cast down and laid prostrate; in hopes that the princes of Europe may once more be induced to resume some active and honourable measures of co-operation and union for the attainment of the general and permanent interests of mankind; which means will be best afforded, and example best displayed, by a generous and prudent sacrifice of our present ease, comfort, and indulgences, for the attainment of lasting and honourable security. Whatever then in such a case is expended, is cheaply laid out in the redemption of all that remains. It is a prudent salvage well paid; an economical and trusty devotion of a part to preserve the rest. Whatever life is lost in such a cause is a sacrifice to the best interests of our country, our religion, and our laws; to the best interests of all future beings in our land; and the most honourable consummation of our own.

'I hope and trust, considering the occasion, and place of our assembly, that the topics I have taken the liberty to press upon your considerations will not be thought foreign to the objects of our present duty, or the functions of that office you are called upon to exercise. An office of inquiry, on the part of the crown, to detect criminality, by handing over the culprit to the justice of his country; but of a more important nature on the part of the public, as you are bound to see that the subject is not causelessly vexed and harrassed by unfounded crimination. This is a preliminary for the security of the subject that the jurisprudence of no other country affords. But this is not all—to whatever part of the administration of this free land we turn our eyes; whether we consider the public examination of witnesses, the absence of every kind of torture, the examination and discussion of all questions of right in open court, and in the face of mankind; whether we contemplate the judgments given by the Judges of the land, on the appeal to a higher tribunal, where all error is corrected, and all prejudice obviated; in short, to whatever part of the fabric of our constitution, (of which the system of our jurisprudence forms so enviable a portion,) we look, the more it endears to us the land on which that fabric has been raised, and our countrymen, with whom we are associated, in the enjoyment of its blessings, and in the glory and duty of its defence. When then, I say, we look to these advantages in the jurisprudence of our country, surely it cannot be unfit to mix those benefits and considerations in the execution of those duties we are now called upon to perform. Who is it that would regret the loss of life itself for such a country, much less the sacrifice of ease and individual indulgence to the attainment of public freedom and individual protection?

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Pinkerton says of Drummond, that, like other great poets, he could not write prose. I will venture to assert that he is mistaken.

Many of our best poets have rivalled, and some have exceeded the professional prose writers of their day. We have no contemporary piece of prose to compare in purity with Spenser's 'View of the state of Ireland,' or even with Daniel's 'Apology for Rhyme.' Cowley was unrivalled by any prose writer; Davenant's preface to his Gondibert is a good piece of nervous writing. Are Dryden's fine prefaces to be forgotten, or Pope's Letters and preface to his works, one of the most polished pieces we have? But, *above all*, the prose of GOLDSMITH is the strongest contradiction of his assertion, it is the model of perfection, and the standard of our language, to equal which the efforts of most would be vain, and to exceed it, every expectation would be folly.

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Cowper says, somewhere, "except Tuesday morning, there is none in the week in which I am not engaged in the last revisal of my translation; the revisal, I mean, of my proof-sheets. To this business, I give myself, with an assiduity and attention truely admirable; and set an example, which, if other poets would be apprized of, they would do well to follow. Miscarriages in authorship, I am persuaded, are as often to be ascribed to want of pains-taking, as to want of ability.

"Poor Burns loses much of his deserved praise in this country, through our ignorance of his language. I despair of meeting with any Englishman, who will take the pains that I have taken to understand him. His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern. I lent him to a very sensible neighbour of mine, but his uncouth dialect spoiled all, and before he had read him half through, he was quite *ramfeezled*."

—

An agreeable writer, speaking of the complacency of character which distinguished a favourite friend, says he was one in whom 'the elements were so mixed,' that neither in his head nor heart had nature left any deficiency.

—

Sir Francis Bacon remarks, with his usual acuteness, that tender and delicate persons must needs often be angry, they have so many things to trouble them, which more robust natures have little sense of.

—

Goldsmith, with equal modesty and grace, elegantly says, in a preface to one of his works, 'instead of pressing forward among the ambitious, I only claim the merit of knowing my own strength, and falling back into the ranks with conscious inferiority.'

—

An Irish gentleman had a son, who, when nine or ten years of age, was fond of drumming, and once dropt his drum-stick into the draw-well. He knew that his carelessness would be punished, and therefore did not mention his loss; but privately took a large silver punch ladle, and dropped it into the same place. This was a matter to be inquired into. The servants all pleaded ignorance, and looked with suspicion at each other; when the young gentleman, who had thrust himself into the circle, said he had observed something shine at the bottom of the draw-well. A fellow was dropped down in the bucket, and soon bawled out from the bottom, I have found the punch-ladle—so wind me up. '*Stop.*' roared out the lad, '*stop—now your hand's in, you may as well bring up my drum-stick too.*'

—

ANECDOTE

OF THE CELEBRATED EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of 'The Characteristics,' has been frequently mentioned as one of the most moral characters of the day. It is certain that a natural apathy supplied the place of virtuous propensity, and that his lordship was just only because both fortune and nature united to render him little susceptible of temptation. His apathy, however, in his latter years, wholly deserted him, and left him the most odious and contemptible of men. The late Dr. Berkeley was frequently told by his father, the Bishop, that so lamentably ill-tempered was he in the latter stage of his life, that when any company arrived, his lady used to post out of the room and conjure them for her sake to assent to every thing her lord asserted, or it would throw him into a paroxysm of rage which might kill him.'

—

Should any beginner in the art of composition, wish for a specimen of pure and easy English, the very reverse of that revolutionary jargon so much in vogue, let him inspect the following passage from Goldsmith, and, while he admires, remember that this is English *undefiled*; neither debased by foreign alloy, nor defaced by vulgar usage.

I remember to have read in some *Philosopher* (I believe in Tom Brown's works) that let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion be what they will, he can find company in London, to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions, on the seats in St. James's Park, with, whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's Coffee-house, and damn the nation, because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic he may sit in silence, at the hum drum club in Ivylane, and if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moor-fields, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

—

The subsequent anecdote contains a curious hint to students of the absolute necessity of the controul of their time.

The versatility of Voltaire was conspicuous both in his life and writings. He wrote on all subjects, from philosophy to romances, and from

the lofty epic to the playful epigram. In company *vive la bagatelle* was his motto. In his study, he resembled Locke and Bacon, and would not be interrupted by the nearest relation, or most intimate friend. In the decline of life, he sequestered himself in his chateau at Ferney. He was hospitable to strangers, particularly to Englishmen, for whom he entertained a very strong partiality; but as he was a scholar and a philosopher, he preserved no ceremony any farther than ordinary politeness. He neither imposed, nor would submit to any restraint. He considered the enjoyment of time as the greatest blessing, and, therefore, like another Diogenes, would not allow even Alexander the Great, could he have been resuscitated, to debar him for a moment the enjoyment of one ray of the sun. His favourite liquor was coffee, and comedy and chess his relaxations from study.

—

The following tribute, from the Gentleman's Magazine, to the genius of WILLIAM GIFFORD, contains a just eulogy of the learning and taste displayed by the best translator of JUVENAL:

When Satire's sly, insinuating dart
Rebounded, blunted, from the callous heart,
And Rome despoil'd and prostituted lay,
At once of tyrants and of slaves the prey;
Her strains terrific vengeance to disclose,
The indignant Muse of Juvenal arose,
And on the baseness of an impious age
Hurl'd execration from his furious page.
What Muse, matur'd in some congenial clime,
Is found to trace the Roman's flight sublime?
To roll the thunder of his verse along,
And wake its noblest rage in British song?
The best have fail'd—even Dryden's nervous line,
Unequal, sinks beneath the bold design;
Around the sense, in devious measure, plays
And flows perplex'd amid the tuneful maze.
Thy talents, GIFFORD, to the trial bring,
Exuberant stores from Learning's sacred spring;
And blend, as Genius and as Taste inspire,
The Critic's judgment with the Poet's fire.
Though on thy arduous work the harmonious nine
Have shed the influence of their smiles divine,
Yet o'er thy brow a fairer wreath shall wave
Than e'er the favour of the Muses gave:
Thy *Christian zeal* shall brighter fame bestow,
And round thy name a purer radiance throw.

—

PHILOSOPHER MAMMOTH.

——He angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip wing'd griffin, and a molten raven,
A couchant lion, and a rampant cat,
And such a deal of skimble skamble stuff,
As puts me from my faith.

—

A German physician has just published a medical tract in which he says Ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep *alone*.

[*London paper.*

—

An Irish servant being asked a few days ago, if his master had set out for Cheltenham, answered, 'that his master did not intend to go to any of the *watering* places, till he drank all his *wines*.

[*ib.*

—

TO THE LADIES—THE BALM OF MECCA.

This delicate as well as fragrant Composition has been long celebrated as the summit of Cosmetics by all the Circassian and Georgian Women in the Seraglio of the grand Sultan. Lady Mary Wortly Montague, in her letters, speaking of the lovely Fatima, adds, 'that her skin was superlatively white, soft, and delicate, the enchanting favourite assuring her, from this Cosmetic alone were all those attributes derived;' but no importunity, though addmitted to her society and confidence, could possess her lady-ship with the receipt for preparation, however the better stars of the Comptesse De——, in her tour with her Lord, in 1787, visiting the Porte in a more favoured moment, procured from the reigning Sultana herself the genuine recipe for this admirable compound, the which, however reluctant, she is now compelled to adopt the sale of, as a support for her fallen family.—The English Ladies may rest implicitly on her honour, it contains no one particle but what is balsamic and softening, pre-eminently removing those sebaceous impurities so noxious to the Beauty of the Countenance, as well as baneful to the health, substituting the clearest most healthful, white, and roseate hue to the face, arms, and neck that loveliness can possess.

Sold by order of the Comptesse De L. at Mr. Golding's, Perfumer.

—

In a late Maryland paper, we notice that the *enlightened* democrats of the county of Baltimore made much exertion at a recent election to effect the choice of a Mr. William *Lux* to their State Assembly; thinking, no doubt, that such a man would be as a shining *light* in their dark councils. At the close of the poll, however, it appeared that he was among the unsuccessful candidates. —Some of his runners, it is said, entered upon their task with most sanguine assurance of success, add with great elation of heart, uttered their imperative fiat, "*Sit lux* sed *lux* non *fuit*."

—

A GARLAND FOR BUONAPARTE.

To rear the tree of Liberty
In vain have Frenchmen tried,
Unfit, ungenial, was the soil,
Th' exotic *droop'd and died.*

A laurel next they thought upon,
And planted in its stead,
And, steep'd in blood, a crown they made
For Buonaparte's head.

To those who would this plant assail
He promises no quarter;
But we may laugh this threat to scorn,
His *Laurels die* in water.

Grieve not, thou *Corse*, should Fortune frown,
And leave thee in the furch;
Thy Laurels here may be supplied
With wholesome *British Birch.*

This plant is fraught with magic power,
O'er children spoilt or naughty;
So we a *rod in pickle keep*
For thee, my Buonaparte.

And though the tree of freedom die,
Thy laurels lose their hue,
We have a Gard'ner to supply
Enough of *rue* for you.

[*Lond. paper.*

—

A French Journalist gives the following quotation from the Annals of Tacitus, as an exact character of the women who are now the most eminently conspicuous at Paris, for beauty and fashion. "She wanted nothing that contributes to make woman lovely, but honour and purity of soul. Under the guise of modesty, she was wanton. On those rare occasions on which she appeared in public her face was partly shaded by a veil, either because she thought this the most becoming to the particular cast of her features, or that she feared lest her beauty should lose its power, if too familiar to the gazer's eye. Of reputation she had no care. Husband or lover was equally welcome to her bed. Incapable herself of love, she gave no preference to love in another. He who paid the highest had ever her fondest embrace." Such was the Poppæa of Nero and Otho; and such are the modern Poppæas at Paris.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. WILLIAM POYNTELL & Co. of this city, have addressed to men of letters in general, and to booksellers in particular, a circular, dated from the "Office of the Classic Press." This *general* epistle to all who read or purchase works of acknowledged utility, is written in a style so candid, liberal and explicit, that the praise-worthy design of the gentlemen, concerned in this enterprize, will be best explained, in their own words.

"OFFICE OF THE CLASSIC PRESS,
"PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 17, 1803.

"SIR,

"The price of Imported Books having now advanced far beyond all former bounds, whilst the Arts of Printing, Paper-making, &c. are arrived, in the United States, to a degree of perfection not inferior to that of any other country, interest, and every other consideration seem to unite in calling forth the talents and industry of the Artist, and to encourage the investment of American capital, in seizing the present moment for republishing useful works of merit, thereby preventing the necessity of importation, and saving to the country, many thousands of dollars annually, which would otherwise go to foster this important branch of business abroad, to the depression of it at home.

"With such views, and with a desire to add to the common stock of America manufactures, we have made arrangements for publishing the most valuable European books, on an extensive scale, and for supplying the *Trade* only, in every part of the United States, on such advantageous and liberal terms, as, it is hoped, will decidedly secure its entire patronage and serve to prevent the importation of any works which can be thus furnished.

"This establishment will be distinguished by the name of the "Classic Press;" and it may be proper to repeat, that the business of it will be prosecuted, solely, on an extensive and liberal *wholesale plan*, and that the concern will have no connexion or participation, whatever, in retailing any of the works that they may publish, either directly or indirectly.

"All books published at this Press, shall be at least equal, if not superior in quality to the London editions—and the most strict attention will be paid to their accuracy. The prices will, in most cases, be fixed lower than those at which the London editions of equal quality are sold in this country.

"The terms for one hundred copies of any work, will be twelve month's credit, with a deduction of thirty-three and a third per cent. from the retail prices. For fifty copies, and not less than twenty-five, nine month's credit, and a like deduction.

"For every increase of fifty, above a hundred copies, an extension of credit will be allowed beyond twelve months.

"It will be optional with the *Trade*, either to take the works in sheets or bound, under the usual regulations.

"As it is intended to commence the business with the publication of the Latin and Greek Classics, and some other valuable books for schools, the following works will be immediately put to press, and finished with the utmost dispatch.

"VIRGIL—*Delphini*,
"HORACE—*Delphini*,
"OVID—*Delphini*,
"CÆSAR—*Delphini*,
"SALLUST—*Delphini*,
"BAILY'S OVID,
"AINSWORTH DICTIONARY,
"FERGUSON'S ASTRONOMY,
"LEUSDEN'S GREEK AND LATIN TESTAMENT,
"GREEK TESTAMENT.

"Should you be inclined to engage any of the above mentioned works, you will please to sig-

nify, as early as possible, the number with which you may wish to be supplied. Due notice will be given you, in future, of every new work in which we may be engaged.

"WILLIAM POYNTELL AND Co."

No project of a literary complexion, in America, has ever been more correctly conceived, or liberally undertaken, than this of publishing classical, and other works of standard merit, in a style not inferior to that of European typography, and at a price equitable and moderate. A plan for printing books, that will please the eye of the critical and the curious, and upon such terms of sale as will meet the views, both of the literary merchant and the economical purchaser, deserves, in a superior degree, the careful attention and liberal support of the public. No doubt can be entertained that this design will be successfully accomplished. Mr. Poyntell, its original projector, is a gentleman of ample property and eager enterprize; and we understand that his partner has given repeated proofs of his industry, alertness, and spirit in the conducting of business. The printers, who are engaged, are at the head of their profession, and no scrupulous care, or liberal expense, will be spared, in the publication of sterling works, in a manner that shall not merely be a profit to the concern, but a credit to the country.

In the printing of *school books*, we understand that it is a favourite object with the company to consult the wishes of the respectable governors of our various seminaries of education. Those editions of the classics will be followed, which the general convenience of the student, and the general sanction of the most judicious preceptors have made popular in the country.

It is peculiarly pleasant to the writer of this article, that Mr. POYNTELL and his associates have resolved to publish *the most valuable European books*, and that they give a front rank to the *invaluable* writings of antiquity. The American press has been too often disgraced, the public morals too often tarnished, and the public tranquillity too often disturbed, by a rash or criminal choice of crude, and pernicious books, as offensive to good taste, as to common decency. From the public declaration of the above literary copartners and from the integrity of their private character we have a right to state that their choice of books for republication will be regulated by judgment and a sense of public utility.

For the fairest success of a scheme of this liberal and comprehensive description, it is natural for every lover of letters to be anxious. To ensure a prosperous issue to this enterprise, the following friendly hints are, modestly, suggested to the Proprietors, Printers, and Editors, concerned.

In the infancy of Typography, in this country, during a period of some length, most books were exhibited in a very slovenly manner. The paper was coarse and dingy, and the printing was uncouth and obscure. These blemishes of the art have for sometime ceased to offend the eye; and it is well known, that, within a few years, many books have appeared, which, for the elegance of their page, were honourable to the American artists. But, though for brightness of paper, or beauty of type, several of our books might challenge a fair comparison with the foreign editions, yet in the important and *essential* point of *correctness*, they have been lamentably deficient. This was a grievious fault, and has been too often committed. Many of the standard and popular works, in our own language, have been so deformed by the ignorance or heedlessness of the publishers, that, not to mention single words, whole sentences have been mangled or omitted, and the glare and glitter of the mechanical execution have only rendered these blunders the more conspicuous. This general carelessness and incorrectness in American Printing, is almost intirely ascribable to a neglect in providing, or a narrowness in rewarding Compositors and Correctors of competent ability. We feel confident that Messrs. Poyntell, & co. who have pledged themselves for 'the most strict attention to *accuracy*,' will be sedulous to avoid any charge of negligence. For, particularly in reprinting any edition of the Greek or Roman classics, error would be most pernicious, and materially taint the reputation of the establishment. Here a just, nay a generous reward to an accomplished proof reader, and many such are to be found among our studious clergy, will prove, as in every other liberal and long sighted calculation, the most profitable prudence, and the most genuine economy.

The selection of editions of the classics is a task of some delicacy, and demands a careful discrimination. In France, Germany, and England, as well as here, there are many editions, which, though accidentally or transiently popular, are of inferior value. To multiply these, would be only to add to the lumber of literature. On the other hand, there is a wide choice of valuable copies of the works of the ancients, some with only the text carefully regulated by some erudite scholar, and others on which all the light of the torch of Criticism is thrown. The Gentlemen concerned in the office of the Classic Press will find their labour of selection facilitated, and their own interest, and the advantage of the student promoted by consulting Harwood's 'View,' and, above all, by a work, upon a similar plan, written by T. F. Dibdin, of St. John's, Oxon, entitled 'An introduotion to rare and valuable editions of the Greek and Roman classics.

In chusing English books, and particularly recent publications, either for novelty, beauty, or use, the foreign literary Journals yield light, but it is often dubious and sometimes deceitful. These oracles are to be hearkened to, with caution, and the judicious Consulter, will often pause, to inquire, whether their responses be not sometimes governed by party zeal, religious bigotry, or infidel impudence. The name, and character of the author, the names, on the Bookseller's imprint, and the general evidence of Public favour, should all be duly regarded, before a republication be undertaken.

These crude, but it is hoped not impertinent remarks are diffidently made, to promote the substantial benefit of Mr. Poyntell's design; and we close this article, by expressing our satisfaction, that this literary Project is in actual advancement and we cherish the hope that it will redound, to the interest and honour both of the company, and the republic of letters.

☞ TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In the course of the current and ensuing month, every journalist has some right to remind the readers of his paper, that his claims must be cancelled. The Editor of the Port Folio has, for three years, conducted that miscellany, with an assiduity of labour, which deserves its stipulated price, and with a liberality of expense for the establishment that calls for a candid consideration. For sometime, his subscription list has been augmenting, and the circulation of his paper widens every week. But he is obliged to add, that applications for his journal are, at some seasons, more frequent than payments, and that, though many are considerate and punctual, others are negligent. This is, as must be expected from its nature, a plain, perhaps a blunt statement, but it is explicit and fair, in which the truth is neither exaggerated, nor suppressed.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The gentleman, who favoured the Editor with a speculation that adorned the first page of the last paper, is thanked for the amusement and instruction, which he has conveyed with such propriety of thought, and ease of expression. We hope that, as a *constant* correspondent, he may be willing to display, in future essays, that perseverance, which he has so forcibly inculcated, and those powers of which we know him to be a master.

An original poem, by the Earl of Buchan, written on the anniversary of the natal day of WASHINGTON, will be regarded with avidity, by all who are curious to examine in what manner the hero of America is celebrated in the plausive lays of a foreign nobleman.

"Pindar's" droll story is a good picture of a father's exultation at the birth of a son. The anecdote is founded on a fact well known to the wits and merry fellows of Boston.

Articles of criticism upon some of our domestic writers, are preparing for the Port Folio.

"Frederick" feels like a man, and writes like a poet.

We earnestly hope we shall soon hear from "Harley."

"Beatrice," whose compositions are gay, fluent, and witty, and who was wont to amuse and edify the reading tribe, seems to have forgotten that the humorous habits of many a *Benedick* will become inveterate, unless checked or cured by the lenitives of merriment, or the caustics of sarcasm.

"Flavilla" is very earnestly exhorted to acquire the necessary art of spelling, before she aspires to the title of an author.

> On patience how severe the tax,
> When ladies will not *ask*, but *ax*,
> And oh! how much the ear is wounded,
> When'er they talk of people *drownded*.

Our correspondents are requested to send their letters *early* in the week.

The "Winter Piece" is of so fiery a character, that we think it would appear more naturally, during the *Dog-days*.

The favours of "Florian" are always cordially received.

We must decline the correspondence of "One of the Faithful," as we have neither a fondness for fanaticism, nor room for the lumber of theological controversy.

"Strephon" may very possibly be in love, but he has no talent for describing his passion; and we are of opinion that if his mistress be not captivated by his person, she will never be won by his verses.

The anecdote from Washington must be authenticated.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

[If the following seasonable lines should meet your approbation, please to give them a place in the Port Folio—if they should not, please to throw them in the fire.]

The blooming garlands Flora shed,
And summer's genial suns have fled,
To bless rich Asia's fertile fields,
Where sweets unbidden Nature yields;
Where fragrance fills the gentle gales,
That wander through the spicy vales;
The hours successive pleasures cheer,
And Love and Joy usurp the year.

On Boreas wings, with sullen gloom,
See Winter, thron'd in tempest, come;
Chill blasts the rustling forests sweep,
And heave the billows of the deep;
Thick snows descending clothe the ground,
And desolation frowns around.

No more the music of the groves
The heart to joy in concert moves;
No more the walk at eve delights,
Nor grateful breezes fan the nights;
Yet many a pleasure cheers the day
Beneath stern Winter's rugged sway.
The gales, that rush on hills of snow,
The rosy cheek of health bestow;
To manly firmness brace the nerve,
And mental purity preserve.

Let soft effeminancy lurk
Within the haram of the Turk;
I rather would, with joy elate,
Bind to my foot the glittering skate,
And course, to stir the sluggish blood,
The crystal surface of the flood;
Nor, though to rosy sport inclin'd,
Neglect the culture of my mind:

But chief the ancients should engage,
And fire my thoughts with classic rage.
Models of style, to nature true,
With boldest art her form they drew.
Oft would I, freed from studious care,
Join the gay circle of the fair,
Where wit and beauty shed their rays,
And trace the dance's pleasing maze.

Thus would I choose to pass my time,
Till, verging to this northern clime,
The summer suns again should rise
O'er greener fields, in brighter skies.

Cambridge. H

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON.

February 22, 1803.

BY THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

TO THE MUSES.

Muses! I come from Modan's holy spring,*
Where Tweed glides swiftly thro' a land of song,
Where triple †Eildon prunes the eagles wing,
And hears below of birds the vocal throng.

Me old, of sight bereav'd, yet, undismay'd,
Here at the shrine of Virtue ye behold;
I see her bright in heavenly robes array'd,
Heaven fills my heart, tho' earthly be my mould.

Against the mountain storm I beat my wing,
My spirit is not sunk—methinks I hear
O'er the vast sea‡ an azure maiden sing
Of peace and love, though in her eye a tear.

Mould'ring and frail, to dust the body tends
And like a cloud the human vapour flies!
Fleeting and vain the storied urn ascends,
Or bust or portrait meet our wond'ring eyes.*

Vain are our busts and portraits to renew
The soul's bright form, or light her lamp again;
A saviour God alone, now in my view,
He only can the wond'rous work attain.

O'er the vast sea I cast my moisten'd eye,
I smile thro' tears to see this day return,
I look from earth to Washington on high!
And pensive come with tears to bathe his urn.

O for an angel bright, of form divine,
With purple flowers to strew this votive urn,
Whilst on our souls the heroe's virtues shine,
And no vain thoughts of earthly mould return.

Strew, angel! strew, and raise thy voice divine,
The Muses choral will thy song renew,
Pæan himself, by Daphne now forgiven,
In Delphic strains sublime brings Heaven in view!

Muses, farewel! to meet again with lays,
Where hov'ring o'er the Tweed, I pass my days,
Or flown, perhaps, beyond yon azure skies,
In vain you'll seek me with those piercing eyes.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The bee from the rose never sips
Such a treasure of luscious delight,
As the kisses, that honey'd my lips,
My love, as I bid thee '*good night*.'

Prudence cried, it was time we should part,
Yet I fondly gaz'd on with delight,
And I thought it would break my poor heart,
When I left thee, still bidding '*good night*.'

So the wretch, whom disease overtakes,
With the chillness of death in each vein,
Still sighs for the world he forsakes,
Sighs still with his friends to remain.

But *he* never returns to his bride,
His sister or child to delight,
While fortune, my fair one, may guide
Me, to-morrow, to bid thee '*good night*.'

Frederick.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following translation of a vernal ode from Horace, has been variously rendered by a numerous tribe of classical scholars and poets. We think the present specimen, the version of a very skilful Latinist and acute critic, will not be deemed inferior to its rivals.]

See from yon plains the vernal gale,
Loose tyrant Winter's icy chain,
Bid the bold sailor spread the sail,
And trust the vessel to the main.

The shivering rustic quits his fire,
To pour his fleeces o'er the mead;
And Spring displays her gay attire
Where Frost his hoary mantle spread.

Lo, Venus leads the sprightly dance;
With sister nymphs the Graces meet:
And, thwart the moon's pale lustre, glance
To cadence brisk, their twinkling feet.

Jove's arms for Summer's sultry beams
The labouring race of Etna tire;
Each blow the thunderer's rage inflames,
And tips the lightning with fresh fire.

With myrtle wreaths crown we our brows,
And cull each variegated flower,
That Zephyr scatters as he goes,
That Flora suckles in her bower.

For Faunus light the sacred fire,
Far blazing through the umbrageous wood;
There let the atoning lamb expire,
There pour the kid's devoted blood.

Death hastes with rapid stride to all;
He, by no vain distinctions led,
Invades the monarch's pompous hall,
And lowly peasant's straw-built shed.

Let no fond hopes, my friend, beguile
Thine eyes from life's contracted span;
Nor, sooth'd by Fortune's flattering smile,
Deem long the longest date of man.

Thy trembling soul must wing her flight
To Pluto's dull and dreary shore,
To shades of everlasting light,
And Love and Pleasure be no more.

No beams of dawning day will cheer
That bourne's impenetrable gloom;
No Spring relieve the unvarying year,
The eternal winter of the tomb.

A NEW SANG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MAGGY LAUDER.

Brave Brititons! since we now agree,
In our just cause, sae heartie;
We s'all be cheerfu' blyth, an' free,
In spite o' Bonaparte.

That vile ambitious, wicked wasp,
Wha sometimes has misled us,
Wad Britain hae within his grasp,
And threatens to invade us.

We ken, whariver he has been,
He has spread desolation—
Now his fierce rage is pointed keen
Against our envy'd nation.

But can he, an' his blackguard crew,
That we frae Egyp' hunted,
E'er think brave Briton's to subdue,
Whase courage ne'er was blunted?

Whan we, sae far frae our ain shores,
French miscreants kept under;
How will they meet us at our doors,
An' face our dreadfu' thunder?

E'en let them come—they'll find us bauld,
Determin'd strong, an' brawny,
And they s'all be fu' tightly maul'd,
By Johnny Bull an' Sawny.

For Britain's sans, frae coast to coast,
Hae pledg'd ilk ither fully,
To guard the rights, o' whilk they boast,
Frae France an' her chief Bully.

An' Gude be thank'd, this is the voice
O' ane an' a' sae heartie;
Therefore, united, we rejoice,
Despisin Bonaparte.

When we at ither kintras glance,
Now under subjugation;
To that base wretch, an' lawless France,
We mann feel indignation—

But while our blessings we contrast
Wi' tyranny, sae hatefu',
To king an' kintra we'll cling fast,
An' for just laws be gratefu'.

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* The fount of St. Modan at Dryburg abbey.

† Eildon, the Trimontium of the ancients, a beautiful isolated mountain, which overlooks Melrose's Dryburg.

‡ The Atlantic ocean.

* See the concluding reflections of Tacitus, on the death of his father-in-law, Agricola.

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